Forever in Frames: Capturing Cherished Family Memories and the Essence of Family Bonds.

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Nostalgic Reflections:

I started attending play school when I was just 11 months old because my mother worked for a private medical company, and both my parents needed to juggle family responsibilities. My mother would wake up at 5 a.m. every morning to prepare meals, get me ready, and get herself ready for work. She would then drop me off at the play school, which was a little distance away from her workplace, before heading back to her company.

My father usually had the morning shift starting at 6 a.m., so every day, at around 7 o'clock, before he went to work, he would pick me up from play school. This was before I started kindergarten, and during those times, our daily routine revolved around my father collecting me from play school until the shift timings changed. It required careful planning and coordination for my parents to manage their work and family responsibilities, especially with limited transportation options and early work shifts. However, they made sure to prioritize my well-being and ensured that I was taken care of during those early years.

Recalling a Childhood of Love and Laughter:

Once, my father shared a story with me, known as the **"White Elephant Story,"** which became my favorite and most memorable tale. It goes as follows:

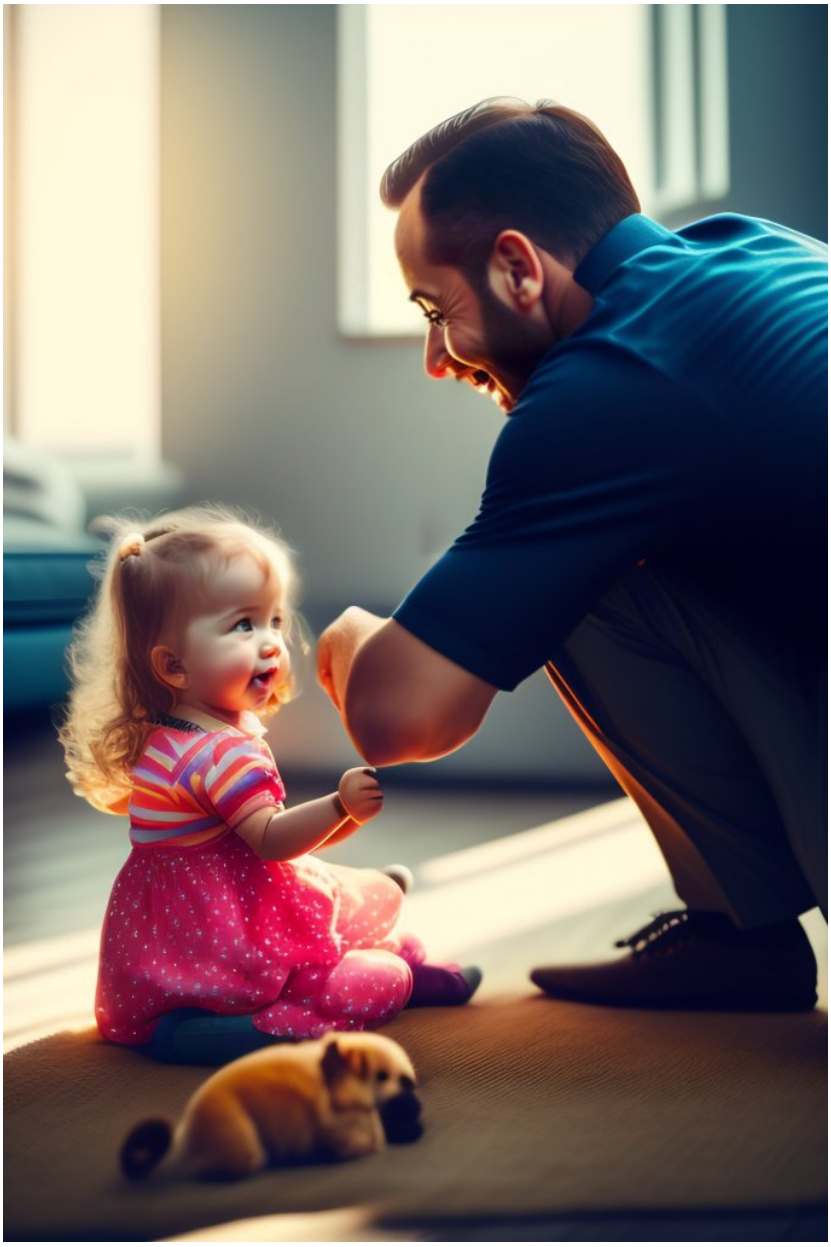
There, the farmer beheld a sight of immense wealth, with gold and diamonds abundant. Seizing the opportunity, he collected some treasures and once again caught hold of the elephant's tail. This time, the elephant descended back to Earth at the same location, allowing the farmer to become rich over time. The neighboring farmer became envious and curious about the secret behind the newfound wealth. He spied on the farmer and learned about the white elephant and its magical abilities. The greedy neighbor, driven by his own desires, killed the farmer and his family. Taking a few servants along, he followed the same steps by capturing the white elephant's tail, one servant after another.

There was a farmer who diligently cultivated his land, but he constantly faced the problem of crops being stolen. Determined to uncover the thief, he decided to investigate during the night. To his surprise, he discovered a majestic white elephant devouring his crops. He had never seen such a magnificent creature before. In an attempt to capture the elephant, he grabbed hold of its tail. However, the elephant took flight and soared into the heavens.

As they journeyed between the Earth and heaven, one of the servants asked the greedy master how much gold and diamonds he intended to take from the heavenly realm. The master, who was the one holding the tail, greedily replied with an exaggerated gesture, as if indicating an enormous amount. In doing so, he accidentally released his grip on the white elephant's tail. As a consequence, they all plummeted to their deaths, their greed leading to their tragic end.

"***My father concludes the story by saying I should not be jealous of anybody and not be greedy."***

Embracing the Joy of Family Childhood Bonding:



Whenever my father took me to play school, he would lovingly apply makeup and carefully comb my hair, making me look absolutely adorable. It was a special bonding time between us. However, since we often had to hurry, when it was my mother's turn to take me, she wouldn't even have time to wash my mouth after eating😅. This difference in their approaches became a subject of teasing and contrast among people, as they would comment on how differently my mother and father took me to play school.

"The memories we make with our family is everything."

–Candace Cameron Bure